

Title: What The Moon Brings

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I hate the moon-I am
afraid of it-for when it
shines on certain scenes
familiar&loved it some-
times makes them un-
familiar&hideous. It was in
the spectral summer when
the moon shone down on
the old garden where I
wandered; the spectral
summer of narcotic
flowers&humid seas of
foliage that bring wild
&many coloured dreams.
And as I walked by the
shallow crystal stream I
saw unwonted ripples
tipped with yellow light, as
if those placid waters
were drawn on in resist-
less currents to strange
oceans that are not in
the world. Silent&spark-
ling,bright&baleful,those
moon-cursed waters hur-
-ried I knew not whither;
whilst from the embow-
ered banks white lotos
-blossoms fluttered one
by one in the stream,
swirling away horribly
under the arched,carven
bridge,&staring back
with the sinister resign-
ation of calm,dead faces.
And as I ran along the
shore,crushing sleeping
flowers with heedless
feet&maddened ever by
the fear of unknown
things&the lure of the
dead faces,I saw that the
garden had no end under
that moon,for where by
day the walls were,there
stretched now only new
vistas of trees&paths,
flowers&shrubs,stone

idols&pagodas,&bendings of
the yellow-litten stream
past grassy banks&under
grotesque bridges of mar
-ble.And the lips of the
dead lotos-faces whispered
sadly,&bade me follow,nor
did I cease my steps till
the stream became a
river,&joined amidst
marshes of swaying reeds
&beaches of gleaming
sand the shore of a vast
&nameless sea.Upon the
sea the hateful moon
shone,&over its unvocal
waves weird perfumes
breeded.And as I saw
therein the lotos-faces
vanish,I longed for nets
that I might capture
them&from them the
secrets which the moon
had brought upon the
night. But when that
moon went over to the
west&the still tide ebbed
from the sullen shore,I
saw in that light old
spires that the waves
almost uncovered,&white
columns gay with festoons
of green seaweed.And
knowing that to this
sunken place all the dead
had come,I trembled&did
not wish again to speak
with the lotos-faces.Yet
when I saw afar out in
the sea a black condor
descend from the sky to
seek rest on a vast
reef,I would fain have
questioned him,&asked
him of those whom I had
known when they were
alive.This I would have
asked him had he not
been so far away,but he
was very far,&could not
be seen at all when he
drew nigh that gigantic
reef.So I watched under
that sinking moon,&saw
gleaming the spires,the
towers,&the roofs of
that dead dripping city.
And as I watched my

nostrils tried to close
against the perfume
conquering stench of the
world's dead;for truly,in
this unplaced&forgotten
spot had all the flesh of
the churchyards gathered
for puffy sea-worms to
gnaw&glut upon.Over
these horrors the evil
moon hung very low, but
the puffy worms of the
sea need no moon to
feed by. And as I
watched the ripples that
told of the writhing of
worms beneath, I felt a
new chill from afar out
whither the condor had
flown,as if my flesh had
caught a horror before
my eyes had seen it.Nor
had my flesh trembled
without cause,for when I
raised my eyes I saw
that the waters had
ebbed very low,shewing
much of the vast reef
whose rim I had seen
before.And when I saw
that the reef was but
the black basalt crown of
a shocking eikon whose
monstrous forehead now
shown in the dim
moonlight&whose vile
hooves must paw the hell
-ish ooze miles below, I
shrieked&shrieked lest the
hidden face rise above
the waters,lest the hidden
eyes look at me after
the slinking away of that
learing&treacherous yellow
moon.And to escape this
relentless thing I plunged
gladly into the stinking
shallows where amidst
weedy walls&sunken
streets fat sea-worms
feast upon the dead.